MORSE CODE
by Andrew “Change” Huang

i wish i know proper english,
so i can tell you just how much i lub you,
but i can't. instead,

words like those are consisted
of vowels and consonants foreign to my ears.

and all i can do is stutter whenever you are around—
speaking like a 3rd grader with speech impediment
and forgetting basic rules like: i before e, except after c,
but see, u and i will always be together, so it is kinda hard.

no amount of therapy can help me either,
because therapists cannot explain to me
the gibberish that we speak; they cannot decode
the language years in the making—

a code
that can only be understood
when our eyes meet,

a beat
that can only be heard
when our hearts jump,

a signal
that can only be felt
when our pinkies intertwine,

and a silence
that can only be beautiful
when our lips kiss.